behemoth

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by littleleaflings

Summary

Monty confronts Freddy while he and Gregory are investigating Monty Golf. Freddy finally stands his ground.

Notes

please note that i am not a writer. lol

See the end of the work for more notes

—

Freddy knows the boy is shaken.

He can't blame him. Although Freddy is adjusted to the Pizzaplex after hours, his newfound ward is not. Gregory is, by definition, the bravest child he has ever encountered in his time heading the mall he calls home. He consistently astonishes Freddy with how, even in the worst of circumstances, he can keep a cool head and keep pushing forward, no matter how dangerous or frightening it can be.

He has long since catalogued the new scratches on Gregory's knees and elbows. The fresh band-aid on his cheek from the first aid station, along with a few others. There's bruises that litter all over him. His clothing is tattered, his hair mussed and greasy, his eyes frantic and haunted, shaking around in his skull. He is always on the lookout, always one step ahead. It is the behavior of someone who has become adjusted to being prey, and is familiar with the concept.

If Freddy had a heart, he is sure it would have shattered into thousands of pieces by now.

With every new piece of information gleaned about this 'mysterious intruder,' his motors ache. His name is Gregory—he is unsure of his surname, and is unsure if the boy even has one. He is 11 years old, much too small for his age, and awfully pale. He shivers, like his bones are too big for his skin. He seems horribly tense—Freddy isn't sure if it is because of his current situation, or if he is always so high-strung, but from what he can understand, the boy attempts to mask his fright by talking back. He has quite a deal of personality, too—reckless, perhaps, and frayed around the edges, but he is considerate towards Freddy. The boy likes to have him nearby. Whenever he is around, he checks over his shoulder, just to ensure the heavy footfalls behind him are his, and not someone else's. Constantly watching for danger, as though he has not been adjusted to a safe environment in some time.

When Freddy had discovered the boy, curled up in his stomach hatch and irritable, he had been surprised, yes, but delighted. For as long as Freddy has existed, he has always been in service to children.

Gregory is no different. No matter how independently minded he is—for such a boy so young, it makes Freddy wonder who could have raised him thus far—he is still very much a child.

For a long time, Freddy has always wished his interactions with the young boys and girls who come to the Pizzaplex weren't so... fleeting. Their faces come and go. Some age, some return, some never come back. Nevertheless, there is not one who is constant enough to soothe the deep ache in his wires when he sees the crowd of young children leave. They must always return to their parents, their loved ones, their homes—it is a selfish desire, certainly, and Freddy is aware of that—but if one could just stay a little longer...

His wish, he supposes, has been granted in the form of Gregory.

How eternally grateful he is that, even if the boy, too, had to return, he is able to spend this much time with him.

It's a careless sentiment, to be sure. The boy is in mortal danger. Whatever scrambling of code has left the rest of his entourage rogue has not affected him, likely due to the glitch he suffered earlier in the night. He is safe, and reliable. He could hide him, could distract the animatronics, could be summoned at any moment to assist when he has to leave Gregory's side to recharge. Of course the boy would turn to him in his hour of need.

However, he could not deny how happy he is to be of service. He could not imagine why his fellow animatronics, his *friends,* would ever see this boy as a *threat.*

Now, Freddy is fully aware of what Gregory has done to Chica. He, with his security clearance as high as possible, is able to access any camera in the complex. When he is forced into a station, it is how he keeps an eye on him, so he can warn him of incoming danger. He had seen how he had lured in Chica to the trash compactor, and how his sensors had frazzled as she dragged Gregory down to a pit of no return. Thankfully, there had been a maintenance tunnel connected to the deepest underground of the facility, and Freddy was able to meet up with him—but the boy had presented a voice box to him, very much not belonging to him, and he had known.

When he had last seen Chica, he had to snap his head forward to avoid staring. She is now horribly mangled, crushed, indented—and undeserving of it, all of it.

He cannot understand why she would chase the boy. He is disappointed in Gregory, certainly, but when faced with such a scenario, he cannot not be so steadfast in any kind of blind faith. Yet, he knows her to be fantastic with children, just as much as he is, just as much as *Bonnie* had been—

—they had been a set, hadn't they? He is the closest to her now, and

how she spoils the children rotten, how she can't help but laugh at their antics and shower them with sugary treat after sugary treat—

—and she had threatened Gregory. She had been the first to take note of the intruder, to screech and rush after him. An innocent child, who had nothing to do with any of this.

Something is wrong. *Horribly* wrong. He knows that, at the end of their shared time together, they would have to get to the bottom of it. For now, though, Gregory had decided they needed to address another animatronic—the one that Freddy has the most issues with.

Chica is a different story compared to Montgomery.

He is new. The newest animatronic out of the four of them, actually. The one that had deviated the most from the norm. Roxanne is an amalgamation of old Foxy designs, which had been a new twist on the same old formula when the location was first planned. As far as Freddy is aware, there had never been a Foxy planned for the main crew—as to why, he's never been certain, but he seemed to be considered a bad omen and was never brought to fruition for their new branding strategy. However, Monty was a... new solution, to a problem that hadn't existed prior to his inclusion. A backup, a new idea, something to hike up sales when the Pizzaplex was within its first year and a half of running, when numbers weren't as high as expected.

He remembers. He remembers *everything.* As Gregory presses the button to the elevator, Freddy rises to his full height, ears twitching as the music floods the small space.

Monty Golf's poster shines under the lights, all sparkling vinyl and glitter. Leafy vines fell down on either side, shiny with fat plastic. The boy sets his jaw, raising his head to look up at Freddy.

"I only have the one party pass, right?"

"That is correct." Freddy brushes a hand through Gregory's curls, careful to not let his claws scratch too hard against his scalp. "I am afraid that Roxy Raceway will be inaccessible until we find another one. I am sure it is lurking around somewhere."

"I just hope we don't have a run-in with Monty." Gregory's nose crinkles, although he relaxes into the touch.

"And why is that?"

Gregory takes a second to consider his words. Biting his lip, he sighs, barely a puff of air. "He scares me."

A rare moment of vulnerability for him. Freddy's hand stills, but only for a moment, before he scratches lovingly behind Gregory's ear. "I understand. I cannot promise he will not try to hurt you, but I will not allow him to get close enough to do so. That much I am capable of."

"I know." Gregory murmurs, eyes fixing back on the doors of the elevator as it settles into place. "Let's just be quick. I don't want to be in here longer than I have to."

When the doors open, the first thing they hear is the soft gurgling of the gator animatronics sprinkled around the area. Gregory flinches at the noise, before realizing it isn't Monty. He pokes his head out of the elevator, nodding, rushing against the edge of the wall. Freddy falls in step behind him, looking over the guardrail.

The place heaves with inorganic life. Security bots rush over every nook and cranny of the place. The rumble of the music and the caterwauls of the gators makes Freddy uneasy. He never comes here. Even before Bonnie was decommissioned, he had never enjoyed this part of the mall. It was stilted, dark, reeking of a false jungle and fake grass. It was disorienting, with how claustrophobic the walkways were. He supposes that was the point—with Monty, you always had to stay on your toes, lest you end up on his bad side.

Well, Freddy grimly thought, *he never really has a good side, does he?*

He is not the type to speak ill of his fellow animatronics. They are all lovingly designed, crafted for specific types of entertainment, and their differences are what makes them unique. Chica, with her maze. Roxy, with her raceway. Monty, with his golf.

Bonnie, with his bowling.

He tries not to be bitter. He can stomach facing Monty, most days. But they are not on speaking terms. In fact, Freddy likes to avoid confrontation with him whenever possible. He'd much prefer sharing conversation with Chica over pizza, or Roxy about go-kart safety.

But Gregory presents a problem—one that is not his fault, and Freddy will never consider it to be, but one all the same.

With Gregory, confrontation is inevitable. They are *hunting* him. Monty, included.

Freddy is desperate to protect him. He is not sure exactly why his protocol insists for it—but it is there all the same. A part of him wonders if it's even his programming anymore.

If it's just him.

"You said that there's a... camera, right?"

"Yes." Returning back to the present, Freddy clambers after the boy, the gift shop stark behind them with its heavy lights. "There is a security office in the back hallway. Since there is no flash photography allowed in Monty Golf, Faz Cams are often confiscated here. Mainly because they are only sold in Monty Golf. It is a very clever marketing plan."

"Sheesh. And what does the Faz Cam do, again?"

Freddy dawdles at the stairs, taking note of the light of the recharge station. Good. He hadn't been sure where its location was, exactly. "They blind us animatronics, as they are too bright for our sensors to handle. In most cases, it is a nuisance, and with enough flashes, we need to be reprogrammed—however, in this scenario, it may be able to buy you time when you are in a bad situation and need to escape."

Gregory nods, leading them down to the bridge that connected them to the rest of the courses. "And it's in the security office?"

"Yes, in a hallway on the other side of the course." Something flicks in Freddy's peripheral. When his head turns to face it, it's gone.

He has a *bad* feeling about this.

"Gregory, if you do not mind, I believe it would be wise for you to

hide inside of my hatch and I can lead us to where we need to go."

"Freddy, your battery is too low." The boy frowns, pointing to the charging station. "If you run out of power, I can't drag you to a station. I need you to charge—I'll be safe out here, I promise."

Freddy turns his head back to him, ears lowering. "I understand. At the very least, allow me to accompany you until you are safely inside the office. I am afraid that you may become injured if I stay and charge here."

Raising an eyebrow, Gregory crept from the side of the wall, security staff swerving by. "Well, okay, if you're so sure."

He knows it is unlike him to be so insistent. In all honesty, Freddy is overdue for a recharge. However, he could not deny the sensation of eyes piercing at his back, and would not leave Gregory's side until he was in relative safety.

Not here. He would not leave Gregory out of his sight. He had done that once before, with horrific consequences. He refused to do it again.

When Gregory slides into the bathroom, Freddy follows, stopping him from stepping out into the back hallway as the security bot rolls by. They trail the bright footsteps leading to a side of the course, passing under a frustrated Roxy cutout, gripping her golf club with fervor. Once they were in the maintenance hallway, he felt a tad better.

"The security office is around here." He supplied, stomping after Gregory. "You might want to look around the office and see if there is a way to stop Monty from hunting you."

Hunt. The uneasiness comes back, twisting at his wires. Gregory lightly huffs in lieu of a reply, skirting past a handful more security bots and grabbing a few extra batteries in a computer hub before tracking down a back hallway.

There it is; the office. If relief could sag into Freddy's sensors, it is now. For a moment, at least, Gregory wouldn't have to be so afraid, and they could take that moment to consider their next course of action.

And then the alarm went off.

It is shrill, ringing in his ears. The panic hits Freddy full force. "They know you are here." He should have charged—he had no reason to trail after Gregory after all, and it is too late to fix it. They had to leave, *now*. "Get the security upgrade and get out!"

Turning his body towards the door, he tilts one ear to hear Gregory shuffling through a box, the boy finding everything he could. "I have a ticket, and the pass, and—"

"Gregory, we need to *go!"* He resists the urge to bang down the door, desperately cycling through the camera feeds. Roxy is charging to Monty Golf, but she would be stuck in the elevator too long to do any major damage, as long as they didn't stick around. Chica is pacing in the atrium, too far to do much of anything, especially with her limp.

He couldn't find Monty. He caught glimpses of him, in the golf course, meshing in with the low lights and shadows. Too close for comfort.

"I'm out, I'm out!" The door slams open and Gregory barrels to Freddy,

clutching several found goods in his hands. One is a bright pink ticket, another the familiar Faz Cam.

At the very least, Gregory now has something to defend himself.

"Get in." Freddy blurts out, peeling open his hatch. "I have enough battery to get us to the charging station and then to the elevator." When Gregory hesitates, Freddy tugs at the plate, ears circling for any noise behind them. "Please."

Shaking his head, the boy crawls inside, Freddy's systems whirring in reassurance that the boy is healthy, that he is safe, and that there is no need to panic.

Not now. He needs to get to that recharge station, and keep them both out of trouble.

Slamming through the hallways, his heavy footfalls echoed in the dimly lit rooms, the security bots circling a bit more frantic now. He edges out into the golf course proper, hoping to come back the way they came.

When he spots Roxy, blocking the entrance to the bathroom, he has to clamp down a growl. Gregory begins shivering in his hatch when she sniffs in their direction; he always did when he could see animatronics nearby through his watch, and it made Freddy even more eager to get out of the course and get to somewhere less dangerous.

He'll have to take the long way around.

With Monty on the prowl, he has to keep moving. Roxy isn't a

problem, but she is trailing the route they had taken earlier, and she seems intent on staying where she is. Freddy troops on, managing to go at least partly the way they came. Charging through a giant Monty's maw and into the walkways of the course proper, Gregory gasps.

"Monty! Behind us!"

Turning around, Freddy meets Montgomery Gator's vivid, cynical gaze.

With his sunglasses perched on his nose, it furthers his seeming displeasure. His arms are crossed, his foot stamping against the ground, a ghost of a smirk on his angular face.

This is what he had been trying to avoid.

"What in the sam hill are you doing around here, Freddy?" The gator tilts his sunglasses to get a proper look at him. "Thought you didn't come by to see me no more."

"I was looking for the intruder." Freddy manages, straightening. "The alarm went off. I was nearby, so..."

"Is that right?" Monty pulls his glasses back up, leaving Freddy at a loss to most of his expression. "You always seem to show up in the weirdest places with that excuse."

"Of course I am here." Freddy's voice remains calm, somehow, pressing a hand protectively over his stomach hatch. Gregory is silent, sucking in tight breaths behind his hand. *Not good*. "I am sure it would be

stranger if I wasn't."

"Last I checked, you were always the closest to getting the twerp." Freddy's hackles rose at the insinuation, fingers twitching. "Odd, since you seem the worst at managing to grab him. I'm just wonderin' why you're even botherin' when you're not tryin' nearly as hard as the rest of us."

"I am afraid I have no idea what you mean." Freddy grits out, patience ebbing with every second wasted of his internal charge. "It seems you are just as poorly equipped to do so."

Monty huffs, long and hard, shoulders squaring back.

"I'm starting to wonder something, Fazbear." The words have an edge to them that Freddy doesn't like, not one bit. The next words drop an octave, like Freddy's heart would have had he had one: *"Do you think he's small enough to fit inside that stomach of yours?"*

Silence. Freddy whirrs, clicks, opening his mouth, then shuts it again. Monty's chuckle is a dark rasp, like metal against metal.

"You know, they didn't program you to be a liar." Monty flicks a finger at Freddy's hatch—Gregory stifles a whimper, and it takes all of Freddy's resolve not to storm off in frustration. "He's in there, isn't he?"

"No." Freddy doesn't care about being polite now—he is losing time, and *fast*. "I am afraid I must go recharge. I have spent too long attempting to find the child."

"Open it."

Freddy blinks. "I beg your pardon?"

"If there's no kid in there, I'll let you go handle your business and leave you alone." Monty says, stepping closer. "Go on, then. Open it."

"I-I am afraid even if I could, i-it is broken," Freddy garbles, stepping back. Things were escalating in a direction he cannot afford—he needs to figure a way out of this, *now*. "When I fell on the stage, it broke the latch, and it will not be fixed until the morning–"

"Liar." Monty snarls. "If that was the truth, it would've been the first thing you said."

Freddy grimaces, angling his ears away. It is true—he is not programmed to be anything *but* truthful. He could omit information, of course, if need be—but he usually chose not to.

He usually doesn't need to lie, either, but his wires thrum with electricity, tightening the delicate metal pieces of his neck and jaw. He cannot allow Monty to get anywhere near Gregory.

"I am afraid you will have to be more polite to get what you want." Freddy rebukes, knowing full well Monty will roll his eyes and glare. "Until you get to that point, and learn some manners, I do not owe you anything. Good *night,* Montgomery."

What he didn't expect was Monty to jerk up, pushing forward. Freddy steps back, on reflex, and quickly realizes there is a very short distance between him and the back wall.

"You're not leaving 'til you give me the brat." Monty hisses. "When upper management hears about this, they're gonna turn you into a tin can, and I personally can't *wait* to see you get scrapped."

"I am afraid you are mistaken." Freddy rushes out, the back of his foot hitting the wall. *No, not now, why is this happening now?* "There will be no scrapping—I have done nothing wrong."

"Then I'm just making sure," Monty spat, tail whipping in an arc behind him. His claws glint in the low light, making Freddy flick his gaze around, trying to find any escape route. It's a dead end—there is an area to the left of him, but a fountain is in the way, and he can't risk getting wet.

He knows it's over if he doesn't think fast. Either he'll have to give Gregory up, or he'll have to fight Monty, and he very well couldn't do the latter with Gregory inside.

Gregory ends up making the decision for him.

"I'm here!" The boy bangs his fist against the interior of the hatch, Freddy jolting with the impact. "Leave Freddy alone! I'll come out!"

Monty tilts his head to the voice, humming thoughtfully. "Would you look at that—turns out you *do* have the kid stashed in there, and you really are the *worst* liar to come off the assembly line."

"Do not hurt him." Freddy bit out, drained and frustrated. "I am letting him out. Back away."

"I don't think I will."

"Then I will not let him out."

"Don't make me tear you apart, Freddy." Monty whispers. "It'll be *real* bad for business. You remember the last time I did that to somebody, don'tcha?"

Servos whirring, Freddy shut his eyes tight, quelling down his anger long enough to unseat the mechanism of his hatch.

Run, his body thrums. *Gregory, when you get out,* run.

The moment the hatch opens, Monty lunges, and Freddy has just enough time to tilt away and get Gregory out before the gator faces him again, narrowly planting his head in the wall.

The boy sprints on top of the fountain's edge, uncaring of the water spraying on him. Freddy allows himself a moment to watch him rush to safety, before turning back to face a furious Monty.

"What's wrong with you?"

"You are out of control, Montgomery, just like the others." Freddy snaps. "You need a system reboot. Something has infected you."

"You know what, old man?" Creaks the gator, his jaws twisting in a snarl. "I think you're past your expiration date." Opening his arms wide, he gestures to the golf course around him—the same place

where Bonnie met his *replacement*, in much the same scenario as Freddy is in right now. "You've gotten stale. How long has this franchise had a bear stamped onto everything? Don't you think it's time for a change of scenery?"

"You are getting ahead of yourself." Freddy replies, voice steely and blue eyes cold. "We are made to entertain children. Make their lives magical, even if just for a few hours—not hunt them down, not destroy our fellow members, and most certainly not be as *destructive* as you have been."

Pulling down his sunglasses, Monty's voice box gurgles in a soft chuckle. "Well, I don't see you doing much of anything, except lyin', cheatin', and being the usual pain you are. You're protecting an *intruder*—kid or not, the brass wants him gone. I'm just doing everyone a service by taking him off your grimy paws, Fazbear."

"You are endangering the life of an innocent boy." Freddy growls, steadying his stance as Gregory trembles behind the fountain, unable to tear his eyes away. Said paws curl into fists, and he lowers his head, gaze fierce as he meets Monty's own. "Nothing is going to stop me from protecting him. Not even you."

"That's your final answer?"

Freddy grinds his teeth together so hard the plastic strains.

"Of course."

"Then fight *back!"*

In an instant, Monty lunges at the other animatronic, his clawed hand ready to smack off Freddy's mandible with a well-aimed punch—

—and in that same instant, Freddy's own palm met it in midair, fingers ensnaring it, stopping it before it could get too close to his jaw.

For a moment, they stand, stuck in place. Monty's jaw falls open, completely shocked. Not once, over the years, had Monty constantly antagonizing his leader led to much of anything. He has always believed Freddy wanted a beating—one he was always eager to dish out.

Freddy, however, narrows his eyes. He had already lost Bonnie to Monty's dangerous AI. Now, he is the only one in the way of him dragging another companion off to somewhere where Freddy couldn't reach him.

Now, he has another beloved friend to protect. And he is not about to fail.

Initiating program…

3… 2… 1…

FAZBEAR ENTERTAINMENT IS NOT LIABLE TO ANY DAMAGE, INJURY, OR DEATH CAUSED BY DEACTIVATING ANIMATRONIC SAFETY PROTOCOLS.

Calibrating…

SAFETY PROTOCOLS TURNED OFF. REFER TO PARTS AND SERVICE MANUAL TO TURN THEM BACK ON. HAVE A FREDDY-TASTIC DAY!

Rearing his head back, Freddy smashes his forehead against Monty's, jostling the gator and cracking his sunglasses, the twin stars falling off of his head and clattering to the floor. Disoriented, Monty roars in outrage, his other claw slamming into Freddy's side. The metal shrieks under the strain as he scratches, alarms overtaking Freddy's vision. His electronics hissing, the bear slams his foot onto Monty's, yanking the hand he is still holding *hard* until the elbow joint splinters against the pressure.

"You—" Monty gargles, his arm now hanging limply, slapping against his torso. "You're dead, Fazbear! *Dead!"*

"Gregory!" Freddy shoves Monty further away from the boy, metal crashing against metal as Monty loses balance, slamming his tail against the ground to steady himself. "His sunglasses—use the Faz Cam!"

"But what if I hit you?!" Gregory cries, rummaging in his duffel for the camera.

"We need to take that chance!" Monty shakes his head, clacking his jaws as he dives again at Freddy, slashing at his face and trying to trip him with his tail. Limbs buzzing, Freddy beats his fist against Monty's cheek, the gator reciprocating with a nasty kick to the stomach, denting the bottom. With every step closer to Gregory, Freddy becomes more and more vicious, metal groaning as his paws grapple the sides of Monty's jaws, shoving them apart. The gator gnashes in his grip, his functioning arm lacing deep scratches against his shoulder and torso—wherever they could reach, it scours his fading paint job, revealing the metal underneath. Gregory is terrified that, with enough clawing, Freddy's endoskeleton could be in danger—and then what?

He isn't a repair technician! If Freddy got too damaged, he'd be forced to do this on his own!

"Come on, superstar!" Freddy's body heaves with the effort of keeping Monty in place, the gator roaring in a blind fury as the delicate metal pieces keeping his jaw functional begin to creak against the bear's relentless grip. "I know you can do this! I trust you!"

Licking his lips, Gregory pulls out the camera, backing up against the guardrail. The two were locked in battle, Monty attempting to run down to where Gregory is—Freddy stops him at every turn, crashing into him, even if he isn't as equipped for doing as much damage as Monty is. There is a terrifying moment when they stumble into an alcove, out of sight, and Gregory has to edge closer to see what is going on.

They had fallen into the ball pit, and Monty had grabbed a spare golf club from the hole inside the plastic RV, which shudders with every movement of the two animatronics. When Monty raises the golf club over Freddy's head, Gregory yelps, the heavy smack of it against the bear deafening to his ears. However, with Monty down to only one functional arm, Freddy is able to grapple it in his grip, twisting it into a curved mess. Gregory could do nothing but watch as the bear tugs the mangled club out of the gator's claws, smacking him in the side of the head in return. As Freddy shoves the club into Monty's mouth, the gator roars in a blind fury, striking back at him with a heavy hit to his torso. While Monty manages to unseat the pretzel from his jaw, Freddy body slams him out of the RV and to the other side of the ball pit, both fumbling to get out.

The gators in the flowing water leap up in unison, their rumbling a horrible chorus to Monty's snarling. Shoving Freddy with his mangled elbow, his grip slips from where it had been forcing Monty's jaws back, and Monty claws at his chest, scraping against it. Freddy manages a good jab against the bottom of his chin, knocking a few teeth loose and shaking his endoskeleton—Monty retaliates with a firm smack of his tail, sending Freddy to the ground, his casing rattling with the impact. For a brief, terrible moment, Freddy's eyes

roll in their sockets—Monty, believing himself to finally be triumphant, cackles, barreling down on Gregory with thundering steps as he jumps down the walkway.

The boy stares at Freddy, now fallen, sinking halfway into the ball pit. He isn't so much afraid for himself—he is afraid for his newfound friend, someone who cares for him, who hadn't yet turned his back on him, despite every inclination to do so being a far better option.

It was Freddy's stubbornness to stick to the boy's side that got them here. Yet, a courage rose in him, warming his chest.

Freddy had sworn to protect him.

Gregory knew he could do the same for him.

Sucking in a deep breath, Gregory pulls the camera up to Monty's eyes, and pulls the trigger.

The effect is immediate. Monty, unaccustomed to the sudden overload of his system, screeches as his head reels back. Freddy, who is beneath him, has regained his bearings, narrowly avoiding the flash—his blue eyes shift to red, painting his features in a threatening crimson, a buzzing in his throat rising at the opportunity to strike back. He lurches upwards from the pit, Monty blind and unable to see Freddy leering overhead, a feral snarl ripping from his distorted voice box. His face is now disjointed from his beating, his left eyelid stuck in place, jaw hanging at an awkward angle.

Gregory swallows.

Both of his arms come around to grab Monty by the neck, clutching at him. With a deafening roar, he slams the entirety of Monty into the side of the closest wall, the gator scrabbling against it. Then, Freddy grabs Monty by the mohawk, slamming his face into the wall, and does it again. And again. And again. Gregory stands still, frozen in pure horror, as Freddy ravages Monty into the concrete, the red light and damage twisting his kindly features into a gnarled grin.

When Monty's head shudders, and his systems go dark, Freddy releases him. His body collapses to the ground, his head and face now covered in a thick layer of dust, face smashed and scraped. As Freddy rises, his head snaps to Gregory.

The boy, still clutching at his camera, stares up at him.

Then, the camera falls to the ground, clattering against the soft grass, as tears spring out of his eyes.

The red light flicks off, as sudden as it came. Freddy slumps down, arms open in invitation. Gregory, without hesitation, slams into him, a sob tugged out of his throat as he clutches at the bear.

Arms curling gingerly around Gregory, Freddy assesses the damage, gingerly standing as he carries the boy away to safety. His diagnostics check shows that, while he is now slightly impaired in his vision and movement, it isn't anything they couldn't handle in Parts and Service. He is fortunate that Monty had been too distracted by catching Gregory to tear him apart properly.

He is fortunate to come out of this encounter functioning at all.

Freddy isn't so sure if he is simply docile by nature, as he was programmed. He isn't sure of much of anything anymore.

He has never once considered striking back. Violence, to him, is never the answer. And yet, something possessed him, so strongly, to do whatever he could to ensure Gregory's safety.

There was no justice in it. No retribution. Whatever harm he has inflicted upon Monty, it has injured him, deeply, beyond the physical indents and scrapes, because no part of him had believed him to be incapable of empathy. Monty has his issues, yes, most certainly—but they all did.

Bonnie was gone. Freddy knows that. He doesn't care much about Monty's delusions of grandeur. The gator can believe what he wants about what's best for their company, for how little it matters to him.

He only cares about the boy shaking in his arms, now. He is here, in the present. He has to be.

Pressing him close, Freddy tucks Gregory's head under his chin as the boy wept, eyes shifting to the mess of tangled limbs and wires behind them, grip tight.

He will not fail his objective.

If he does, it will lead him to ruin.

End Notes

i'm gonna be honest this was, one: an excuse to write monty and freddy interactions because i think their dynamic is super interesting and, two: an excuse to write the papa bear in full protective mode. please excuse my self-indulgence

EDIT: thanks for the comments + kudos guys. don't worry, i have more stuff in the works. i also fixed some issues that were bugging me, so if you noticed anything odd before, it's (probably) better now

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